

There is the boke of mayd Emlyn
that had. v. husbandes and all koc-
koldes she wold make theyr berdes
whether they wold or no/and gyue
them to were a praty hoode full of
belles.



* See *Vulgaria* *hormanni*. 4. 1530. f. 64. b. p. 235. v. e. d. r. s. l. *Tham* in
desire of promotion make their lordes berde. *Multa ambitione, sedulo priu-*
icipio suo faciem facient. (p. 54. b. d. r. 12. v. 6. "He made his berde of a grate
marke of catell & household stuffe. *Magnum alio co. nec familiaris & habito*
rum hestern complicitat" & *Myrth*. In note on p. 4094.



Wyll ye here of meruaylles
Draue out of gospelles
Of mayde Emlynne
That had husbannes fyue
And all dyd neuer thyzue
She coude so well spyne
Lounge to go gaye
And seldom for to praye
For she was borne in Lynne
Ofte wolde she seke
The tauerne in the wyke
Tyll her wytte was thynne
Full sweetely wolde she kys
With galauntes ywys
And say it was no synne
Thus collynge in armes
Some men caught harmes
Full lytell dyd they wyne
And if her husbande sayd ought
Loke what she sonest cougth
At his heed she wolde it flynge
She wolde laye lozell thou
I wyll teche the I crowe
Of thy language to blynne
It is pyte that a knaue
A pretty woman holde haue
That knoweth not golde from tynne
I crowe thou Ialouse be
Wyt wene my colyn and me
That is called Syr Sym

Thoughe I go ofte thyder
We do nought togyder
But pryked balades synge
And I so cunnynge be
The more woꝝshyp is to the
Gyuyng thank to hym
For he me fyrste taught
So I my cunnynge caught
Whan I wente a bꝛoꝝhyng
With suche wordes doule
This lytell pꝛety mouse
The yonge lusty pꝛymme
She coude byte and wbyne
Whan she sawe her tyme
And with a pꝛety gynne
Gyue her husbnde an hoꝝne
To blowe with on the moꝝne
Besowwe her wbyte skynne
And ofte wolde she sꝛeke
To make smothe her cheke
With redde roses therin
Than wolde she mete
With her lemmman swete
And cutte with hym
Talkynge for theyꝝ pleasure
That cocke with the fether
Is gone an huntynge
Hymselfe all alone
To the wode he is gone
To here the kockow synge

All.

Thus with her playfere
Maketh she mery chere
The husbande knoweth nothyng
She gyueth money plente
Bycause newe loue is daynte
Unto her sweetynge
And prayeth ofte to come
To playe there as shyneth no sonne
So at the nexte metynge
She gyueth her husbande a prycke
That made hym double quicke
So good was the greetynge
Kocke called of the bone
That neuer was mayster at home
But as an vnderlynge
His wyfe made hym so wyse
That he wolde tourne a peny twayne
And than he called it a ferthyng
Nothyng byleued he
But that he dyd with his eyes se
Full trewe was his meanynge
She cherpyshed hym with brede and cheere
That his lyfe he dyd lese
Than made she mournyng
And dranke deuoutly for his soule
The handbell ofte dyd she colle
Full great sorowe makynge
This sozpy wydo we
But a while I trowe
Mournyng dyd make

Whan he was gone
A yonge lusty one
She dyd than take
Longe wolde she not tary
Lest she dyd myscary
But full ofte spake
To haue the weddyng
And all for beddyng
Some spoyle to make
Her herte to ease
And the fleshe to please
Sorowes to assaie
In it out Joyenge
That wanton playenge
For the olde husbendes sake
yet by your leue
A freere dyd she gye
Of her loue a flake
And sayd in her ouen
At any maner of season
That he sholde bake
There is some ynowe
For other and for you
And space to set a cake
The seconde husbande Ayeoll
That poxe selly soule
Myght not escape
A kockholde to dye
It was his destenye
As man vnfortunat

His wyfe bndeuoute
Ofte wolde go aboute
And steppe ouer many a lake
Makyng best in her mode
That her husbando can no more good
Than can an bntaught ape
Thus by her scole
Made hym a tole
And calld hym dodypate
So from his thyfte
She dyd hym lyfte
And therof creste the date
She made hym sadde
And sayd he was badde
Croked legged lyke a flake
She lyked not his face
And sayd he mouthed was
Moost lyke an hawke
This good man case
Was lothe to dysplease
But yet thought somwhat
Thynkyng in his mynde
That a man can fynde
A wyfe neuer to late
For of theyr properte
Shewes all they be
And syle can they prate
All women be suche
Thoughe the man bere the breche
They wyll be euer checkmate

faced lyke an aungell
Tonged lyke a deuyl of hell
Great causers of debate
They loke full smothe
And be falle of loue
Venymous as a snake
Desyringe to be prayed
A losse to be rayed
As an hyghe estate
And these wanton dames
Ofte chaungeth theyr names
As An / Jane / Belle and Kate,
Thus thynketh he
In his mynde pryuely
And nought dare saye
For he that is maysterfast
Full ofte is agast
And dare not ronne and playe
If she be glabbe
Than is he sadde
And fere of a sodayne trape
For womans pryde
Is to laughe and chide
Euery houre in a daye
Whan she dorthe loue
And begynneth to snowe
Pytroully dorthe he saye
What do ye lacke
Ouy thynges were herte
That I to you gyue maye

She answered hym
With wordes grettyng
Wylshyng her selfe in clare
And sayth that she lacks
Many pretty knacks
As bedes and gybels gaye
And the best spoite
That sholde me comforte
Whiche is a swete playe
I can it not haue
For so god me saue
Thy power is not to paye
There is nought
Nought may be cought
I can no more saye
Many men now where
Can not women chere
But maketh ofte delay
The wyfe dothe mone
It is not at home
And borroweth till a daye
What it is I trowe
Well ynoughe ye knowe
It is no nede to saye
Thus saye the wyues
If theyr husbandes thryues
That they the causers be
They gete two wayes
Bothe with worke and playes
By theyr huswary

With theyr swete lippes
And lusty byppes
They worke so plesauntly
Some wyll fall anone
For they be not stronge
They be weyke in the kne
Ee they poze or be they ryche
I besyewe all suche
Amen now we saye ye
They thynke it is as great almes
As to saye the seven plalmes
And dothe it for charyte
To gete gownes and furs
These nysebeceturs
Of men sheweth theyr pyte
Somytyme for theyr lust
Have it they must
Or seke wyll they be
If it do stycke
And we fele it quykke
Full style dothe we
Begyn for to grone
And wyssheth we had lyne alone
What ayleth you than sayth he
She saythe sye I am with chylde
It is yours by Mary mylde
And so he weneth it be
Whan played is the playe
Jacke the husbände must paye
This daye may ye se

He was gladde ythys
Of that that is not his
And dothe it by kepe
She that dothe mocke hym
A nother mannes concubyne
And his chyldre ke
Lo thus dothe landes
Fall in wronge ayres handes
The causers may well wepe
And worse dothe happen truely
The broder the syster dothe mary
And in bedde togyther slepe
To synne syghtly wyll the chyldre dyatne
That is bekoten without lawe
Wedlocke is betray swete
But ones for all
The daye come shall
The crye shall be wela waye
Of all wedlocke brekers
Thus saythe greate prechers
Theyr dettes shall they truely paye
All they that dothe offende
God graunte them to amende
And therfore lette vs praye.
¶ But nowe of Emlyne to speke .
And more of her to treat
Truely for to saye
Whan the seconde husbande was dede
The thyrde husbande dyde she wedde
In full goodly aray

But as the daye wolde
Or the pyes were colde
Fell a sodayne fraye
Whyles had a newe brother
It wolde be none other
And all came thozughe playe
But mayde maydenhode myllynge
Knoweth what longeth to kyllynge
It is no nede to saye
She loued well A trowe
And gaue hym sozwe pnowe
But ones on the daye
With hym wolde she chide
He durst not loke asyde
The bounde must euer chaye
This inan was olde
And of compleccyon colde
Nothyng lusty to playe
She was full ranke
And of condycyons cranks
And redy was alwaye
In Venus toyes
Was all her Jokes
Seldome sayde she naye
At the laste she thought
That her husbande was nought
And purposed on a daye
To Mexten his lyfe
And as a true wyfe
She wolde it not delaye
Wayde Emlyn,

To fulfyll her lust
In a well she hym thrust
Without any fraye
And made countenance sad
As thoughe she be sorow had
Also in good fayre
A reed onyon wolde she kepe
To make her eyes wepe
In her kerchers I laye
She was than stedefast and stronge
And kepte her a wydowe betwixte longe
In faythe almost two dayes
Bycause she made greete mone
She wolde not lye longe alone
For feare of sodayne frayes
Lesse her housbande dede
Wolde come to her bedde
Thus in her mynde she sayes.
The fourthe housbande she cougth
That was lyke her nexte nought
For he bled his playes
With maydens wyues and nonnes
None amysse to hym comnes
Lyke they be of layes
Hym she lyked yll
She prayed the fende hym kyll
Bycause he bled her wayes
This mannes name was haccy
He coude full clene cary
He leued pretty gayer

So it happened at the last
An halfe peny halter made hym fast
And therein he swayes
Than she toke greate thought
As a woman that careth nought
So for his soule she prayes
And bycause she was seke
She wedded the same weke
For very pure pyte and woo
Yet or she was wedded
Chyrlie had she bedded
And great hast made therto
The husbände had sone ynowe
But Emlyn bended her browe
And thought she had not so
But to eale her loue
She toke another
That lustely coude do
One that yonge was
That coude ofte her balle
Whiche she had fantesye to
He coude well awayne
With her lusty playe
And neuer wolde haue do
Bycause he coude clepe her
She called hym a whypper
And as they were togpyder
They bothe sweetely played
A sergeant them afraied
And sayd they were full queuer

B.iii.

T
They were than full too
The freer wolde ben a go
He cursed that he came thyder
Whether they were leue or lothe
He set them in the stocks bothe
He wolde none dyscreuer
In myddes of the market
Full well was set
In full fayre wether
For it dyd hayle and thunder
On them many men dyd wonder
But Emlyne laughed euer
She thought it but a Jape
To se men at her gape
Therof she shamed neuer
And sayd for her sportynge
It is but for Japyng
That we be brought hyder
It is nother treason nor felony
But a knacke of company
And dye had I leue
Than it forsake
For I wyll mery make
Whyle yourthe hath fayre wether
Whan her husbande it keneue
Soze dyd he it rewe
And was so heuy and too
He toke a surfet with a cup
That made hym tounne his beles by
And than was he a go
T

And whan she was at large
 Care she dyde dyscharge
 And in her mynde thought tho
 Howe wyll I haue my luste
 With all them that wyll Iuste
 In spyte of them that saythe so
 And bycause she loued rydyng
 At the Newes was her abydyng
 Without wordes mo
 And all that wolde entre
 She durst on them ventre
 Ueray gentyll she was lo
 And longe as she were dede
 She wente to begge her hyde
 Suche fortune had she tho
 God dyd here her surely
 With the rodde of pouerte
 O she dyde hens go
 Than she dyed as ye shall
 But what of her dyde befall
 Aye there do I ho
 But they that rede this erly or late
 I praye Iesu theyr soules take
 Amen saye ye allo.

¶finis.

¶Imprynted at London without Newegate
 in saynt Dunstons paryshe by me Iohn
 Skot / dwellynge in y olde Bayly.

Watkinson (Exon. & Acad. Mus.) XVII. 204, 5. 1671.



REPRODUCED FROM THE ORIGINAL
IN THE HENRY E. HUNTINGTON
LIBRARY AND ART GALLERY,
FOR REFERENCE ONLY.
PERMISSION NECESSARY FOR
REPRODUCTION.